

AS IT SHOULD BE;

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

IN ONE ACT:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

D U B L I N:

**PRINTED FOR MESSRS. CHAMBERLAIN,
GILBERT, DYER, WOGAN, GEORGE
AND M'ALLISTER, J. JONES,
BUTLER, AND
W. JONES.**

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

TO THE HONORABLE

THE SENATE

OF THE UNITED STATES

IN SENATE

CONFIRMED

THIS 10TH DAY OF

MARCH

1871

BY THE SENATE

OF THE UNITED STATES

IN SENATE

CONFIRMED

THIS 10TH DAY OF

MARCH

1871

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

Fidget, - - Mr. Powell;
Lord Megrim, - Mr. Iliff;
Winworth, - - Mr. Williamson;
Sparkle (a Jeweller) Mr. Barrett;

W O M E N.

Celia, - - Miss Heard;
Lucy, - - Mrs. Powel.

SCENE, *London.*

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1898

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

AS IT SHOULD BE.

SCENE I.

A Room in Mr. Fidget's House.

Enter Celia, in tears, followed by Lucy.

Lucy. **B**UT, my dear young mistress,
don't be sad; pray don't.

Celia. Alas, Lucy, how can I be
otherwise? you see the unkindness of
B my

2 AS IT SHOULD BE.

my father, and know the disposition of my intended husband. It was but this morning I received a letter from my friend in the country, who assures me that Lord Megrim is as capricious and whimsical as ever; yet my poor deluded father, for the sake of a title, would sacrifice the happiness of his only child.

Lucy. Well, Madam, don't despair: I engage your lover Mr. Winworth, will rescue you from all harm.

Celia. Oh, Lucy, how can I hope it? I have not seen my Winworth these six weeks—was it not unkind to leave me in suspense and doubt, and make a delay that he never—never did before?

Lucy. My life on it, that he is about some stratagem now. Nay I am sure of it; for he used to come after dinner, when your father took his nap, as regularly as the clock struck five. Ten to one we shall see him soon in some unexpected disguise, and (for you know, Madam, your father never saw him)

him) that he disappoints my old master in his cruel design.

Celia. Oh then, why does he delay? surely he knows the character of my father to be as singular as that of my intended husband. Mr. Fidget is always so impatient, that he can never wait—even the accomplishment of his wishes. Is he not at present in the utmost distress for fear every thing may not be ready for Lord Megrim's reception?

Lucy. True indeed, Madam—it was but just now that he heard a loud knock at the street-door, and thinking as he hoped it to be, the arrival of Lord Megrim, rung the bell in a most violent manner. Tom was running up stairs to know his master's commands, and his master not having patience to wait for Tom, was running down to admit his expected Lordship; and so, Madam, both met on the stairs in such a violent hurry, that whack went their foreheads, and your father's is for all the world like a—he! he! he!

Celia. Like what, Lucy?

4 AS IT SHOULD BE.

Lucy. Lord, Madam, what married men generally are.

[a knock.

Celia. Heavens! there's a knock at the door now.

Lucy. And it's fierceness I think announces his Lordship's arrival—(bell rings) so, so, the bell begins again. I must open the door, as Tom is out of the way.

[going.

Celia. Stay Lucy, I am in such a figure——Oh my perturbed heart.

(bell rings violently.)

Lucy. Lord, Madam, make haste, for he is in such a violent hurry again, that no doubt——Oh here he is with one slipper and a morning stocking on——Heavens! what a ridiculous figure!

Enter

Enter Fidget, ludicrously dressed.

Fidget. Why Tom,—Lucy,—Celia—will nobody answer the door?—there is his Lordship waiting a full hour.

Lucy. He has only knock'd once, I assure you, Sir.

[another knock.]

Fidget. There! I say he has knock'd twice, did not you hear?—won't you open the door? where's Tom?

Lucy. Not at home, Sir—but I will go.—

[going.]

Fidget. You go!—fie!—a servant maid open the door—what will his Lordship think? No, I will let him in (*going, returns*); tho' that won't do—its worse. Do you go Lucy—oh! make haste—run, run, run.

Lucy. Lord, Sir, I can't run.

B 3

Fidget.

Fido: Then come back I say, you poor creeping thing; is the man to stay an hour at the door, while you crawl on?—I will go myself; (*a loud knock again*) dear me—Oh Heaven!—I am so sorry—

Lucy. There! Was
an unaccountable un-
makes delay by his o-

Celia. Well; no matter. I will go with me, Lucy. Perhaps my father may and force me to stay with him on ship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Library.

*Enter Lord Megrim, preceded by Mr.
Fidget bowing, &c.*

Lord Megrim. And do you hear, Jack?---take care of my portmanteau, and see that every thing is safe.

Fidger.

Fidget. Pray, my Lord, walk in. I beg you will use my house as your own.

L. Megrim. My dear Mr. Fidget, I am heartily glad to see you.

Fidget. My dear Lord, pray be seated—Why Lucy, Celia—Lord! is there nobody ready?—I beg pardon, my Lord; but my servant is out, and—Oh he's a sad tedious dog!

L. Megrim. No apologies, Mr. Fidget; I know servants are sad fellows. I can assure you, Sir, that I was six months before I could get one to please me.

Fidget. Indeed!

L. Megrim. 'Pon honour, Mr. Fidget—one fellow came to me with a face as red as a Turkey-cock!

Fidget. Well! Lord, what can keep my daughter!

[Aside, and very uneasy.]

L. Megrim. Why, Mr. Fidget, that was a sure sign he drank.—Another came with his phiz as white as a sheet.

Fidget.

8 AS IT SHOULD BE.

Fidget. Well, there was no harm in that, my Lord?

L. Megrim. Oh certainly, it was evident he was a rake, and sat up all his nights. Another, Sir, had such a long Christian-name, that I should have wasted my breath with calling him; and another, Sir—but it is no matter; I am now provided in a servant that will, I dare say, surpass any.

Fidget. Why, does he dress hair well?

L. Megrim. No——can't.

Fidget. How! but then he understands horse-keeping?

L. Megrim. No, Sir; nor even such a simple thing as cleaning a knife; yet I like him better than any servant I ever had; for his hands are always clean, let his work be ever so dirty. See, here he comes; pray now look at his hands.

Enter

AS IT SHOULD BE. 9

Enter Winworth, disguised as a Footman, with a Portmanteau.

Winworth. Sir, I have looked it over, and every thing is safe.

L. Megrim. Very well; lay it down.

Fidget. Lord! Lord! What can keep my daughter?—While his Lordship is engaged, I will go and see.

[Exit.

L. Megrim. And now—Eh—Mr. Fidget gone—a good opportunity—Jack!

Winworth. My Lord!

L. Megrim. There are things in that Portmanteau I would not lose for the world; and till I get a lodging, I don't know where to leave it.

Winworth. I dare say, my Lord, 'Squire Fidget will give it a place in one of his rooms.

L. Megrim.

10 AS IT SHOULD BE.

L. Megrim. But I don't like asking a favour myself; therefore, Jack, when I go look for a lodging, take that opportunity, and make it for me; he can certainly have no objections.

Winworth. I will, my Lord—see, here he is.

Re enter Fidget.

Fidget. A plague on these women, they are so long dressing! I am afraid she won't be ready this half hour yet.

L. Megrim. What! my Celia? pray don't hurry her, Mr. Fidget. I will do myself the pleasure of seeing her on my return.

Fidget. Your return! I hope, my Lord, you are not obliged to leave us yet?

L. Megrim. Yes, indeed, Mr. Fidget; I am not yet provided in a lodging; and as my carriage is still at the door, I think it best to use the present time.

Fidget. But, my Lord, I expected you would have honoured me with your company

pany. I assure your Lordship, every room in my house is much at your service.

L. Megrim. Dear Mr. Fidget, you have embarrass'd me now—but I will be candid to deserve your pardon. This house is so very near St. James's Church, that I assure you, 'pon honour, the constant ringing of the bell, would make my headache for a month.

Winworth. Yet indeed, Sir, my Lord's head is so very soft, the least thing in the world hurts it.

Fidget. Soft, do you say?—Oh dear, that's very hard! but there is a Coffee-house near hand.

L. Megrim. Oh, I hate a Coffee-house, there are so many always in it.

Fidget. True indeed—that's very true, my Lord. Well, in the next street there is no Church; and I have observed a new house with a bill for lodgings——

L. Megrim. A new one, Mr. Fidget! I would not live in a new house for the world——the walls are so damp, and the exhalations from wet so dangerous, that——

Fidget.

Fidget. Eh! very true indeed. Well, there is an old one at the other side of that——

L. Megrim. Oh! ten times worse——an old one! there is not one in twenty that's weather-proof; the chimnies always falling, and the——

Fidget. Gadso! I forgot that. Well, there is a Mrs. Williams's, that's neither an old nor a new house. It is elegantly fitted up, and just painted——

L. Megrim. Just painted, do you say? Oh, the smell of paint is so offensive, I can't bear it: I should absolutely faint.

Fidget. Eh! true, it is offensive, my Lord.——Heavens! what can keep my daughter?——Well then——Oh now I recollect; on the first turn on your right hand, my Lord, there's a Mrs. Maycroft's, an acquaintance of mine, who, I know, can accommodate you.

L. Megrim. Mrs. Maycroft's——I thank you, I will go to her immediately——farewell a while.——Jack, you may stay, I shan't want you——and pray observe——

[Exit.

Winworth.

Winworth. I will, my Lord.—
Sir, my Master has desired me to speak
a word or two to you.

Fidget. Oh, by all means; what is
it? what is it? [*impatiently.*]

Winworth. He is exceedingly sorry
that he should give you any trouble—

Fidget. Poo, poo, poo, make no
apologies; let me know what it is.

Winworth. But, Sir, my Master is
so uncommonly singular, that, for his
life and soul, he never could make a re-
quest.

Fidget. Well, zounds! what is it?

Winworth. Of course, Sir, he should
be so embarrassed when your fair daugh-
ter is introduced to him, that—

Fidget. Eh! go on, go on, go on.

Winworth. He would certainly be
struck dumb; therefore he humbly begs,
you will pave his way with this letter.

(Gives him a letter.)

Fidget. A letter! oh yes—a very
good thought. I will; and as his
Lordship is so very bashful, I won't
introduce Celia to him till she reads
this.

C

Winworth.

14 AS IT SHOULD BE.

Winworth. Just so——and to induce her to read it, I pray you tell her, it is from her only true and sincere lover.

Fidget. Her only true and sincere lover! egad, I will.——Hollos, Celia! Celia!

Winworth. Hush——not now.

Fidget. Oh yes, immediately——delay is dangerous. Celia! Celia!

Winworth. But my Lord intended——

Fidget. But I always choose to do things immediately.——Celia! Celia!

Winworth. 'Sdeath!

(Walks aside.)

Fidget. Celia! Celia! I say. Good Heavens, will nobody answer? Why, Lucy!

Enter Lucy.

Where is my Daughter?

Lucy. La, Sir, she is not ready yet.

Fidget.

Fidget. Not ready—Oh dear! but tell her she must be ready in a minute—run—quick—Oh come back—tell her I want her immediately; make haste—stay, give her this letter—tell her to read it with great attention—now lose no time—stay—come back—Lord! I forgot what I was going to say—no matter—run—stop—now I recollect; tell her 'tis from her only true and sincere lover—Is not it so, Jack?

Winworth. Yes, Sir.

Fidget. From her only true and sincere lover; mind that now—run.

Lucy. I will, Sir.—What can the old fool mean?

[*Afide and Exit.*

Fidget. So, that's done—Eh! Jack—what are you doing?

Winworth. Fastening his Lordship's portmanteau, Sir. I know my Master is very careful about his things.

Fidget. Indeed! Oh then, pray follow Lucy with it; let her shew you my own room to put it in; his Lordship shall

16 AS IT SHOULD BE.

shall see how careful I am too for his sake. What, is soon return'd!

Enter Lord Megrim.

L. Megrim. Oh vile! I would not live there for the world, Mr. Fidget.

Fidget. Eh! Why?

L. Megrim. Oh Sir, there are no less than three children in the house—shocking—their noise would be intolerable—ten times worse than the Church-bell.

Fidget. I assure your Lordship I forgot the children; but so, I recollect now, there is a Mr. Sparkle, my Jeweller, in the Strand, that I am sure will be very willing to serve you.

L. Megrim. Mr. Sparkle. Very well, Sir; I'll go to him immediately—Eh! where now, Jack?

Winworth. To Mr. Fidget's room with your Lordship's portmanteau.

[*Exit.*
Fidget.

Fidget. He! he! he! I can't help laughing at you, my Lord, you are so uncommonly bashful, that for your life and soul, you can't make a request. He! he! he!

L. Megrim. Why to be sure, Mr. Fidget, it is a failing, but no matter; I hope to get the better of it.——
Laugh at me! I am very sorry I troubled him with my portmanteau.

[*Exit.*

Fidget. Eh! I think he might have thank'd me for taking care of his billet-doux.

Enter Celia.

Celia. Oh dear Papa, you are very good for sending me such a sweet pretty letter.

Fidget. Eh! child——Do you like it?

Celia. Yes, indeed, Papa; it is the sweetest and best written I ever read in all my life.

18 AS IT SHOULD BE.

Fidget. I am very glad to hear it ; but tell me pray, what did he say it is ?

Celia. Say ! a thousand pretty things ; he began with, My dear, dear Angel—

Fidget. Oh, that to be sure. Well ; go on, go on.

Celia. Then he talked of love and Cupid, and all that ; declaring his passion was so violent, that he would marry me immediately, if I consented.

Fidget. Bravo ! Bravo ! Now I like the fellow, because he does the business at once ; but, go on, go on.

Celia. Then he requested my answer as soon as possible.

Fidget. Poor man ; he could not have requested that with his lips.

Celia. Why no, Papa, not before you.

Fidget. He ! he ! he ! but go on, go on.

Celia. Then he begg'd me to meet him in the garden, alone.

Fidget. So you shall, child.

Celia.

Celia. And concluded with these sweet pretty words,—my very humble servant at command.

Fidget. He! he! he! he is a very comical *Servant*.

Celia. Indeed he is, Papa; a very comical *Servant*. He! he! he!

Fidget. But hear me, child; do every thing he bids you: go where he appoints, and marry him when he wishes—that's my way; I choose to do things at once. And, now, because you are a good girl, you shall have five hundred pounds worth of Jewels. I will write immediately to Mr. Sparkle. I choose to do things at once; and, egad, I will write to his Lordship too, as he requested an answer; he is at Mr. Sparkle's. So, here are pen and ink; now for it.—Lucy, a candle.

(Sits down and writes.)

Celia. So he wants to seal his letters before they are finished; what an impatient man!

Enter

Enter Lucy with a candle.

Lucy. Here, Sir; Lord! my Master is very busy.

Celia. Hush; have you seen Winworth?

Lucy. Yes, Madam, he is in the next room; every thing is settled.

Fidget. As his Lordship loves a little money, I know, tho' he can't bear to part with a guinea, I will mention something about a fortune. There now, they are finished——(*Seals them.*) is Tom return'd, Lucy?

Lucy. No, Sir; but Jack, his Lordship's servant, is here.

Fidget. Oh, he will do much better; Tom is a fool, and I would not have a mistake, or any delay committed, for the world——Jack?

Enter

Enter Winworth.

—— Here, my good fellow; run with these two letters to his Lordship and Mr. Sparkle.——Gadso, I forgot to direct them, (*writing*) Lord Megrim, Mr. Sparkle---there now, make haste.

Celia. Pray do, Jack. See Mr. Sparkle as soon as you can; for it is an order for a quantity of jewels.

Winworth. Indeed then I will, Miss.

(*Exit.*)

Fidget. What an obliging fellow! Come now, child, put on your best looks, and meet your lover as soon as possible —— when he returns from the Strand —— I choose to do things at once.

Celia. Yes, Papa, I will.

Fidget. That's a good girl; I won't interrupt you; I won't spoil your sport ---an't I a good Father now, now?

22 AS IT SHOULD BE.

Celia. Indeed you are. Thank you,
my dear Papa. He! he! he!
Fidget. He! he! he!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Jeweller's Shop.

Enter Lord Megrim and Mr. Sparkle.

Sparkle. But, my Lord, if you have
no other objection to my first floor, ex-
cept its being washed; give me leave,
and I will order a fire to be made, that
shall dry it up in four minutes.

L. Megrim. Four minutes! No, Sir,
nor four weeks—I tell you, Sir, that
wet

wet boards are more dangerous than wet marble or stone; the water, instead of drying, soaks in them, and remains for a length of time. I would not sleep in your rooms, not these six weeks to come; —I should absolutely catch my death.

Sparkle. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

L. Megrim. Sir!

Sparkle. I was only thinking upon Lords; for if they catch their deaths so easily, how, in the name of wonder, are poor people to live! —Well, I am sorry I cannot accommodate your Lordship; but every one has a way of their own, and that is the way I sell my Diamonds —what one dislikes, another chooses —and now I think on it, perhaps your Lordship may choose Widow Loveit's lodging, in the next street.

L. Megrim. Widow Loveit's! I will go immediately, and see them. —Sir, I wish you a good day.

[*Exit.*

Sparkle. Oh, good day, my Lord —my Lord! —I wonder Mr. Fidget would tease me with such a Lord!

Enter

24. AS IT SHOULD BE.

Enter Winworth.

Winworth. A letter from Mr. Fidget,
Sir. *(Gives him a letter.)*

Sparkle. So——another recommen-
dation, I suppose. *(Reads.)*

“My dear Friend,”

“Eh—that’s very polite indeed——”

“My Daughter has, all of a sudden,
“taken a most uncommon liking to
“you.”

Winworth. (Aside) He! he! he! the
old fool, in his hurry, has directed the
letters wrong.

Sparkle. A liking to me!——is it
possible!——a Squire’s Daughter too
——thank fortune!—— *(Reads.)*

“Tho’

"Tho' never honour'd with your
 " conversation, she is, notwithstanding,
 " very much captivated with the good
 " report of your sweet person and man-
 " ners."

My manners — Oh dear! — and
 my sweet person — he! he! he! —
 to be sure there's something in that —
 but to proceed — [Reads.]

"As I wish her to be married as soon
 " as possible, lose no time, my dear
 " fellow; you know delay is dange-
 " rous — but meet her in the garden,
 " while I am purposely out of the
 " way, and drive off to the land of
 " bliss."

Winworth. (Aside.) Hem — these are
 directions for me.

Sparkle. Oh, the dear, dear, sweet
 pretty rouge! — this letter, egad, is
 more acceptable to me than an order
 for five hundred pounds worth of Jewels
 would be.

D

Winworth.

26 AS IT SHOULD BE.

Winworth. (Aside.) Well, then you have it, instead of one.

Sparkle. (Reading.) "But, as it is proper to fix her fortune before Marriage, I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you immediately, and give you every satisfaction in that point. In the mean time let my Child know your intentions, that she may be ready to receive you as she ought."

"Your's, sincerely,

"J. FIDGET."

"I kiss'd and I pealed with fifty fair Maids."

(Singing.)

Why, this is beyond all my expectations—pray, my good fellow, let my dear Celia know, that I am here—here for ever and ever. Here, boy, get me my dress wig—let me see—egad, I'll put on another coat.

"Oh what a night is this for Love."

(Singing)

[Exit.

Winworth.

AS IT SHOULD BE. 27

Winworth. He! he! he! poor deceived fool; but I must lose no time —so, here is my Lord. Shall I give him the other letter now?

Enter Lord Megrim.

L. Megrim. Oh, abominable! where is Mr. Sparkle? I don't know what to do; I can't get a lodging to please me.

Winworth. My Lord, give me leave, and I will go in search of one.

L. Megrim. Aye, Jack, do so, and I will return to Mr. Fidget's.

Winworth. 'Sdeath! then the letter is necessary. (*Aside.*)—My Lord, Mr. Fidget desired me to deliver you this.

(*Gives him the other letter.*)

28 AS IT SHOULD BE.

L. Megrim. How! what!

(Reads)

“ Pray let my daughter have five
“ hundred pounds worth of jewels,
“ before she is married—if you
“ disappoint me, I shall take it very
“ unkind.

“ Your’s,

“ J. FIDGET.”

Well, this is the most consummate piece of impudence I ever read in all my life—yes,—I see his drift in sending me to a Jeweller’s—five hundred pounds worth of jewels before marriage—what an extravagant family!—Jack, get me a lodging immediately, of any sort—I will never return to Mr. Fidget’s again.

Winward. As I wish.

[Aside and Exit.

L. Megrim. Well, this is the most impudent—so, here is Mr. Sparkle—I must keep my temper.

Enter

Enter Sparkle, dressed ludicrously.

Sparkle. Pox on it! his Lordship here—
—I must get rid of him by some means or other; we can settle nothing in his presence. (*Aside.*)—So, my Lord, I am glad to see you again—
Have not the Widow and you agreed; or were you afraid of getting your death there?

L. Megrim. Yes, Sir, and with good reason; for had I not fortunately discovered a muffled knocker on the next door, 'tis ten to one, I should have caught a putrid fever, or some other dangerous disorder.

Sparkle. Indeed, my Lord, I did not think of that; but I can recommend you to another place that——

D 3

L. Megrim.

30 AS IT SHOULD BE.

L. Megrim. Sir, my servant is gone in search of a lodging. I shall leave it to him now.

Sparkle. Eh! that's very unlucky; egad, I will force some of my jewels upon him, and that will drive him away. (*Afide.*) My Lord, here are a fine set of Brilliants——pray look at them——what a handsome present they would be to a young Lady——pray, my Lord, for Mr. Fidget's sake, buy them.

L. Megrim. So, he has got the hint, I see, but he shall be disappointed.—No, Sir, I don't want them—I have no Lady to make them a present to.

Sparkle. No Lady! Oh, my Lord, that is impossible. Come, come, I know to the contrary, and insist upon it, that——

L. Megrim. Sir, I don't want your Jewels. I won't have them, Sir——I——troublesome fellow!——I will leave his shop this minute.

[*Exit.*

Sparkle.

AS IT SHOULD BE. 31

Sparkle. He! he! he! Excellent—
I have sent him away—aye—touch
a Lord's pocket, and he's off imme-
diately. Egad, now I think on it, these
Brilliants would be a pretty present for
Celia, my intended Wife. I will send
to her immediately (*goes and returns*), a
very pretty present indeed! They are
worth six hundred pounds to a stranger,
but I would give them to a friend for
five, and have my profit too. Oh, here
is Mr Fidget—now for it—hem!
(*Assuming consequence.*)

Enter Fidget.

Fidget. Heyday—I never saw Mr.
Sparkle so dress'd out in all my life.

Sparkle. Mr Fidget, I am very glad
to see you. (*Bowing very low.*)

Fidget.

Fidget. Thank you; but I am in a hurry——has his Lordship taken your first floor?

Sparkle. No, M. Fidget, he is a very oddity——so hard to be pleased——but no matter, I will keep the house entirely now. *(Conceitedly)*

Fidget. Well, Mr. Sparkle, you know best what to do——but that's true——you received my letter?

Sparkle. Yes, Mr. Fidget, and I return you my sincerest thanks for the preference you have given me.

Fidget. Poo, poo, poo, I hate thanks——they are so troublesome, and take up so much time.

Sparkle. Pardon me, Mr. Fidget; compell'd by gratitude, I must speak, especially when I consider how many there are, even of my own profession, that far excel me.

Fidget. But, you know, Mr. Sparkle, taste is every thing; and if my Daughter likes you better than another, why there's an end of the matter.

Sparkle. Really, Sir, I am very much obliged to your Daughter for her taste.

Fidget.

Fidget. Aye, and let me tell you, Sir, that my Child has a very good taste.

Sparkle. Oh, dear Sir—I don't know what to say.

Fidget. Poo, never mind—did you do what I bid you?

Sparkle. Oh yes, Mr. Fidget, the bearer of your letter has carried my message.

Fidget. That's right, that's right—he! he! he!—my Daughter will be dress'd out in about an hour's time.

Sparkle. I dare say so—poor good natur'd thing! every young Lady on the brink of marriage, will dress out to the best advantage. I have sent her some of my best Jewels, to use upon the occasion.

Fidget. Your best!—That's right—that's right—Oh Lord! what a busy day this will be—but gadso! I had like to forget—I choose to do things at once—I must reckon out some money for you, Mr. Sparkle.

Sparkle. (*Aside.*) So, now for my Girl's fortune—humph—I wonder how much

34 AS IT SHOULD BE

much he will give her. I suppose I must make a settlement upon her.

Fidget. Here, Mr. Sparkle, here are five hundred pounds for you—good Bank Notes, M. Sparkle.

Sparkle. (*Aside.*) Five hundred pounds—Lord! what a poor fortune that is for a 'Squire's Daughter; but I suppose the remainder is to come after his death.

Fidget. Come, come, M. Sparkle, for Heaven's sake, be expeditious.

Sparkle. By all means, Mr. Fidget, any thing to oblige you—five hundred pounds—why, that's only paying me for the jewels I made a present of—I wish I had not sent them now.

(*Aside.*)
Fidget. So, here is Lord Mogrim coming—I must speak to him alone—I wish, my friend, you would leave us now.

Sparkle. Oh, certainly—certainly.

Fidget. You see, Mr. Sparkle, I want my Daughter to be married as soon as possible.

Sparkle. I understand, Mr. Fidget, and hope the marriage may be concluded.

ed to your satisfaction.—Hem! now I will run to my dear, dear Celia—Oh I am a Jewel of a fellow!

[Exit, conceitedly.]

Fidget. Heavens! how his Lordship creeps on—I have no patience—Oh, here he is.

Enter Lord Megrim.

L. Megrim. I must get my port-manteau from him, and then—

Fidget. Oh, my Lord, I am very glad to see you—I hope you are ready to obey the commands of my letter.

L. Megrim. Really, M. Fidget, I must consider upon it.

Fidget. Consider! Oh Lord, that will take up so much time. No, no, the business must be done at once—come, my Lord, don't be bashful—he! he! he!

he! there are no more requests to be made now——the matter is all settled——he! he! he!

L. Megrim. Indeed, Mr. Fidget, you have taken care that every request shall be made in time.

Fidget. Egad, so I have, my Lord——he! he! he!——I choose to do things at once——I hate delay; loitering is dangerous——why there's that letter for instance: I mean the letter...

L. Megrim. I know what you mean, Sir——

Fidget. Preparatory to my daughter's marriage——now, for your life and soul, you could not have given it——but I did, I did, my Lord——Oh, let me atone for making a request!

L. Megrim. Yes, indeed, I confess you have given a letter, and made a request which I could not have done for my life.

Fidget. So your servant said——Oh, my Lord, you won't be fit to go through the world, without you bustle and make a noise in it——do as I do, and then——

Enter

Enter Sparkle, hastily.

Sparkle. Mr. Fidget, Mr. Fidget, a word in your ear.

Fidget. Eh! What?

Sparkle. I have lost my Wife!

Fidget. Your Wife!

Sparkle. Oh, yes——yes——yes.

(Walks about.)

Fidget. Well, I never knew till now, Mr. Sparkle had a Wife——but how——how——

Sparkle. Why his Lordship——I am sure of it——she is gone off with his footman; and I know it is by his contrivance.

Fidget. What! Lord Megrim! the poor bashful man, that could not make a request——Oh the Dog! he shan't have

E

38 AS IT SHOULD BE.

have my daughter—I tell you what, my Lord, if you don't restore this poor man his wife immediately, I——

L. Megrim How, Mr. Fidget?

Sparkle. Yes, my Lord—restore Mr. Fidget his Daughter.

Fidget. How?

Sparkle. She is to be my Wife!

Fidget. The Devil she is!

Sparkle. Here, my Lord, I have it under his hand—look here——

(*Shows the letter.*)

Fidget. Eh! What! How?

L. Megrim. And is it possible, Mr. Fidget, that you have given your Daughter to a Jeweller, whom you promised to me, Sir—but I suppose he has given her the jewels which you wanted me to make a present of——

Fidget. I wanted you, my Lord! Poo, poo, a mistake.—I have directed the letters wrong—I was in a hurry—I meant the one your Lordship received for Mr. Sparkle; and Mr. Sparkle's for your Lordship—but it's no matter—Celia is a good girl, and will perform all your Lordship requested in your letter.

L. Megrim.

L. Megrim. Mine! I never wrote to the girl in all my life.

Fidget. What! not by your footman, who told me, that was the request you wished to make.

L. Megrim. You are dreaming, Mr. Fidget; all I requested, was, that you would take care of my portmanteau.

Fidget. What! then she is run away with——an infamous footman, too!

L. Megrim. Softly, softly, pray don't be so loud, Mr. Fidget—it is worse than the noise of children, or church bells.

Fidget. Loud!—Zounds! my Daughter is lost!

L. Megrim. Oh Heavens! how my head aches!

Sparkle. So—this is all a mistake—I don't care; I am paid for the jewels, and all is as it should be with me.

Enter

Enter

Enter

40 AS IT SHOULD BE.

Enter Winworth, in his own clothes, and Celia.

L. Magram. What? Jack dress'd out?

Winworth. Yes, my Lord,—in my own clothes again; the others were merely assumed to serve you and myself.

Fidget. There, there is your choice of a servant, my Lord——Oh what clean hands; but what confounded dirty work!

Celia. Dear Papa, don't be angry: Mr. Winworth is of a good family, and his Uncle lives in the next Square——Come, I know you will forgive me——thank you, papa; and thank you for the jewels too.

Sparkle. Yes, it is her father has made them a present, not I.

Fidget. Winworth——Gadso ——his Uncle and I were school-fellows——
Come,

AS IT SHOULD BE. 41

Come, come, shake hands, boy——
I don't blame you——His Lordship
was so exact, and so deceived after all
——He! he! he!

Lord Megrim. Well, Mr. Fidget,
notwithstanding your jeers, it is much
better to be exact than in a hurry.

Winworth. Come——A truce to
all sarcastic criticism——My Lord, I
have provided a lodging for you at my
Uncle's, where I hope for the pleasure
of your company——but no abusing
one another, I beg——It is true, my
Lord, were our friends as hard to be
pleased as you, there would be few sa-
tisfactory entertainments; and were all
in a hurry like you, Mr. Fidget, our
best endeavours would be quickly con-
demned; but I hope such examples
will teach, and all prove——*As it
should be.*

Exeunt omnes.

THE END.

13. CUBAN TIGER

 1970
 1971

10-11-68
10-11-68
10-11-68

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 10-10-2001 BY 60322 UCBAW

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
 LIBRARY
 540 EAST 57TH STREET
 CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

1944

(TO)

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

SIR,

YOUR ready acceptance of this little Dramatic Effort, and the polite and friendly attention you have shewn it, both before and after representation, demand my warmest acknowledgments. The favourable reception it has met with from an impartial Public, while it impresses me with gratitude, convinces me, that its success was more owing to your candour and generosity than any real merit such a TRIFLE could contain; for you, Sir, from the most noble of all motives, have brought forward what other Managers would perhaps have deemed beneath their notice,—and thus encouraged a young Beginner. Such generosity was worthy Mr. COLMAN, and is his distinguishing Characteristic.

I am

(iv)

I am highly flattered with the Patronage of
a Gentleman of your Judgment and Re-
spectability; and hope hereafter to produce
something more deserving such unmerited
Protection.

I am,

SIR,

Your most obliged

and obedient Servant,

June 22, 1789.

THE AUTHOR.

